



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

Sofia Bolonna, voice

Third Year Recital

Suzy Smith, piano

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Music Degree in Performance.
Sofia Bolonna is a student of Wendy Nielsen.

Friday, April 25, 2025 at 2:30 pm | Geiger Torel, 80 Queen's Park

PROGRAM

“Sta nell’ircana” (from *Alcina*) (1735)

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

“In der Fremde” Liedekreis Op.39, No. 1 (1840)

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Auf dem Wasser zu singen D. 744 (1823)

Franz Schubert (1897-1828)

“Botschaft” Op. 47, No. 1 (1868)

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

3 Chansons de Bilitis (1897)

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

I. La flûte de Pan

II. La chevelure

III. Le tombeau des Naiades

We wish to acknowledge this land on which the University of Toronto operates. For thousands of years it has been the traditional land of the Huron-Wendat, the Seneca, and the Mississaugas of the Credit. Today, this meeting place is still the home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island and we are grateful to have the opportunity to work on this land.

As part of the Faculty's commitment to improving Indigenous inclusion, we call upon all members of our community to start/continue their personal journeys towards understanding and acknowledging Indigenous peoples' histories, truths and cultures. Visit indigenous.utoronto.ca to learn more.

Emigration Elegy (1960's)**

Stefania Turkewich (1898-1977)

Silver Song.2 (1960's)**

Madrid (1887)

Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)

“The Contrast” A Song for the Lord Mayor’s Table (1962)

William Walton (1902-1983)

How can I not love you, My Kyiv (1962)

Ihor Shamo (1925-1982)

***Fulfills the BIPOC/Underrepresented Composers Repertoire Requirement.*

PROGRAM NOTES

There are many aspects to journeys and these facets are what I wanted to explore through my recital repertoire. *Sta nell'ircana* is a journey of self; in the span of moments realising how one came to be in their situation and what must be done to move forward. The three German lieder present a few perspectives on how journeys affect us. They can bring us far from family and the solitude can feel bitter, yet they can bring about comfort when we arrive at inner peace but can still garner hope for happiness and another future journey. Observing the young, mature and late life and love in the 3 *Chansons de Bilitis* reveals the journey of relationships. *Emigration Elegy* and *Silver Song* tell a story of emigration; the loneliness of definitive separation contrasted with the endless possibility of the exciting unknown. The final set observes destinations in the form of cities as we journey from flamboyant Madrid to the wacky London and ultimately settle in my familiar motherland of Kyiv.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

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Sta nell'ircana
Antonio Marchi

Sta nell'Ircana pietrosa tana
tigre sdegnosa, e incerta pende,
se parte, o attende
il cacciator.

Dal teso strale
guardar si vuole;
ma poi la prole
lascia in periglio.
Freme e l'assale
desio di sangue,
pietà del figlio;
poi vince amor.

In der Fremde
Joseph von Eichendorff

Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen rot
Da kommen die Wolken her,
Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.

Wie bald, ach wie bald kommt die stille
Zeit,
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir
Rauscht die schöne Waldeinsamkeit,
Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier.

Auf dem Wasser zu singen
Graf Friedrich Leopold zu Stolberg-
Stolberg

Mitten im Schimmer der spiegelnden
Wellen
Gleitet, wie Schwäne, der wankende
Kahn;

In the Hyrcana lair
Translated by Sofia Bolonna

In the stony Hyrcana lair
the disgruntled tiger, uncertain hangs
about,
if he should leave, or wait
for the hunter.

From the drawn arrow
look away if you want;
but then the offspring
are left in danger.
Trembles and assaults me
the desire for blood,
pity for the son;
then love will win.

In the foreign lands
Translated by Richard Stokes

From my homeland, beyond the red
lightning,
The clouds come drifting in,
But father and mother have long been
dead,
Now no one knows me there.

How soon, ah! how soon till that quiet time
When I too shall rest
Beneath the sweet murmur of lonely
woods,
Forgotten here as well.

To sing on the water
Translated by Richard Wigmore

Amid the shimmer of the mirroring waves
the rocking boat glides, swan-like,
on gently shimmering waves of joy.
The soul, too, glides like a boat.

Ach, auf der Freude sanft schimmernden
Wellen
Gleitet die Seele dahin wie der Kahn;
Denn von dem Himmel herab auf die
Wellen
Tanzet das Abendrot rund um den Kahn.

Über den Wipfeln des westlichen Haines
Winket uns freundlich der rötliche
Schein;
Unter den Zweigen des östlichen Haines
Säuselt der Kalmus im rötlichen Schein;
Freude des Himmels und Ruhe des
Haines
Atmet die Seel' im errötenden Schein.

Ach, es entschwindet mit tauigem Flügel
Mir auf den wiegenden Wellen die Zeit.
Morgen entschwinde mit schimmerndem
Flügel
Wieder wie gestern und heute die Zeit,
Bis ich auf höherem strahlendem Flügel
Selber entschwinde der wechselnden
Zeit.

Botschaft

Translation by Georg Friedrich Daumer
Original Persian text by Hafis

Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich
Um die Wange der Geliebten,
Spiele zart in ihrer Locke,
Eile nicht, hinwegzufliehn!
Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage,
Wie es um mich Armen stehe,
Sprich: „Unendlich war sein Wehe,
Höchst bedenklich seine Lage;
Aber jetzo kann er hoffen
Wieder herrlich aufzuleben,
Denn du, Holde, denkst an ihn.“

For from the sky the setting sun
dances upon the waves around the boat.

Above the tree-tops of the western grove
the red glow beckons kindly to us;
beneath the branches of the eastern
grove
the reeds whisper in the red glow.
The soul breathes the joy of heaven,
the peace of the grove, in the reddening
glow.

Alas, with dewy wings
time vanishes from me on the rocking
waves.

Tomorrow let time again vanish with
shimmering wings,
as it did yesterday and today,
until, on higher, more radiant wings,
I myself vanish from the flux of time

The Message

Translated by Richard Stokes

Blow breeze, gently and sweetly
About the cheek of my beloved,
Play softly with her tresses,
Make no haste to fly away!
Then if she should chance to ask
How things are with wretched me,
Say: 'His sorrow's been unending,
His condition most grave;
But now he can hope
To revel in life once more,
For you, fair one, think of him.'

La flûte de Pan

Pierre Louÿs

Pour le jour des Hyacinthies, il m'a donné
une syrinx faite de roseaux bien taillés,
unis avec la blanche cire qui est douce à
mes lèvres comme le miel.

Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur ses
genoux; mais je suis un peu tremblante. Il
en joue après moi, si doucement que je
l'entends à peine.

Nous n'avons rien à nous dire, tant nous
sommes près l'un de l'autre; mais nos
chansons veulent se répondre, et tour à
tour nos bouches s'unissent sur la flûte.

Il est tard; voici le chant des grenouilles
vertes qui commence avec la nuit. Ma
mère ne croira jamais que je suis restée
si longtemps à chercher ma ceinture
perdue.

La chevelure

Pierre Louÿs

Il m'a dit: «Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé. J'avais ta
chevelure autour de mon cou. J'avais tes
cheveux comme un collier noir autour de
ma nuque et sur ma poitrine.

«Je les caressais, et c'étaient les miens;
et nous étions liés pour toujours ainsi, par
la même chevelure la bouche sur la
bouche, ainsi que deux lauriers n'ont
souvent qu'une racine.

«Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé, tant nos
membres étaient confondus, que je
devenais toi-même ou que tu entrais en
moi comme mon songe.»

Quand il eut achevé, il mit doucement

The flute of Pan

Translated by Richard Stokes

For Hyacinthus day he gave me a syrinx
made of carefully cut reeds, bonded with
white wax which tastes sweet to my lips
like honey.

He teaches me to play, as I sit on his lap;
but I am a little fearful. He plays it after
me, so gently that I scarcely hear him.

We have nothing to say, so close are we
one to another, but our songs try to
answer each other, and our mouths join in
turn on the flute.

It is late; here is the song of the green
frogs that begins with the night. My mother
will never believe I stayed out so long to
look for my lost sash.

The tresses of hair

Translated by Richard Stokes

He said to me: 'Last night I dreamed. I had
your tresses around my neck. I had your
hair like a black necklace all round my
nape and over my breast.

'I caressed it and it was mine; and we
were united thus forever by the same
tresses, mouth on mouth, just as two
laurels often share one root.

'And gradually it seemed to me, so
intertwined were our limbs, that I was
becoming you, or you were entering into
me like a dream.'

When he had finished, he gently set his
hands on my shoulders and gazed at me

ses mains sur mes épaules, et il me regarda d'un regard si tendre, que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson.

Le tombeau des Naiades
Pierre Louÿs

Le long du bois couvert de givre, je marchais; mes cheveux devant ma bouche se fleurissaient de petits glaçons, et mes sandales étaient lourdes de neige fangeuse et tassée.

Il me dit: «Que cherches-tu?»—«Je suis la trace du satyre. Ses petits pas fourchus alternent comme des trous dans un manteau blanc.» Il me dit: «Les satyres sont morts.

«Les satyres et les nymphes aussi. Depuis trente ans il n'a pas fait un hiver aussi terrible. La trace que tu vois est celle d'un bouc. Mais restons ici, où est leur tombeau.»

Et avec le fer de sa houe il cassa la glace de la source où jadis riaient les naïades. Il prenait de grands morceaux froids, et les soulevant vers le ciel pâle, il regardait au travers.

Емігрантська Елегія
Степан Масляк

За селом скигнуть вітер псалом,
Сипле листям зі в'ялим діброва
І як все восени ні життя, ні весни.
І яп завжди від тебе ні слова,
Чи живеш там ще ти,
Чи пішла у світи так як я,
Щоб дорогу згубити,
Щоб чекати на те чим десь вітер мете,

so tenderly that I lowered my eyes with a shiver.

The tomb of the Naiads
Translated by Richard Stokes

Along the frost-bound wood I walked; my hair across my mouth, blossomed with tiny icicles, and my sandals were heavy with muddy, packed snow.

He said to me: 'What do you seek?' 'I follow the satyr's track. His little cloven hoof-marks alternate like holes in a white cloak.' He said to me: 'The satyrs are dead.

'The satyrs and the nymphs too. For thirty years there has not been so harsh a winter. The tracks you see are those of a goat. But let us stay here, where their tomb is.'

And with the iron head of his hoe he broke the ice of the spring, where the naiads used to laugh. He picked up some huge cold fragments, and, raising them to the pale sky, gazed through them.

Emigration Elegy
Translated by Maria Lukianowicz

Beyond the village, the wind moans a psalm,
The copse is spilling withered leaves
And, as always in the autumn,
There is no life, no spring,
And as always, there is no word from you.
Are you still living there
Or have you gone into the wide world, like

Що лежить на шляху вже убите.
Ой вернись хоч на ніч, хоч на день,
Хоч на мить до порожньої хати,
Хоч по те, що я міг та не встиг
І чого не зумів ще сказати.

Срібна Пісня (2)

Віра Вовк

За топірцем мандраж білий день,
І ніч готує золоту палітру.
Весняні труби затрубіли;
Йде моя весна на зустріч вітру.
Остався там чічками битий плай
І чорний бір, що витканий казками,-
Шукаю вишивкового тепла;
Тулю до серця сірий камінь.
Новий вже обрій хилиться, мов тин,
Нові шляхи мені сміються дрібно.
Я скарб з собою взяв лише один,
Глибоко в грудях пісню, срібну.

Madrid

Alfred de Musset

Madrid, princesse des Espagnes,
Il court par tes mille campagnes
Bien des yeux bleus, bien des yeux noirs.
La blanche ville aux sérénades,
Il passe par tes promenades
Bien des petits pieds tous les soirs.

Madrid, quand tes taureaux bondissent,
Bien des mains blanches applaudissent,
Bien des écharpes sont en jeux.
Par tes belles nuits étoilées,
Bien des señoras long voilées

me,
To lose the way,
To wait for what the wind might bring
That lies on the path, already dead?
Oh, come back for a night, for a day,
For a moment, to the empty house,
For those words, too late to tell you,
And words that have never been said.

Silver Song (2)

Translated by Maria Lukianowicz

Behind the hatchet, the white day
meanders,
And the night prepares the golden pallet.
The trumpets of spring are sounding -
My spring is coming to meet the wind.
Leave the mountain path there,
Surrounded by flowers,
And the black, deep forest, woven with
fairy tales,
I search for the warmth of the embroidery-
But cradle the gray stone to my heart.
A new horizon is bowing to me, like a
wattle fence,
New pathways are laughing gently to me,
I took only one treasure with me,
A silver song, deep in my breast.

Madrid

Translated by Sofia Bolonna

Madrid, princess of the Spains,
Within your endless lands are
Many blue eyes, many black eyes.
The white city of serenades,
Through your streets walk
Many small feet every night.

Madrid, when your bulls are leaping,
Many white hands applaud,
Many banners are streaming;
On your beautiful starry nights,
Many long veiled señoras

Descendent tes escaliers bleus.

Descend your blue staircases.

Madrid, Madrid, moi, je me raille
De tes dames à fine taille
Qui chaussent l'escarpin étroit;
Car j'en sais une par le monde
Que jamais ni brune ni blonde
N'ont valu le bout de son doigt!

Madrid, Madrid, I laugh at
Your slim-waisted ladies
Dressed in such narrow heels;
Because I know One in this world
That no other brunette or blonde
Is worth even the tip of her finger!

Car c'est ma princesse andalouse,
Mon amoureuse, ma jalouse,
Ma belle veuve au long réseau!
C'est un vrai démon, c'est un ange!
Elle est jaune, comme une orange,
Elle est vive comme l'oiseau!

Since she is my Andalusian princess!
My beloved, my jealous,
My beautiful, well-connected widow!
She's a true demon, she's an angel!
She is yellow like an orange,
She is lively like a bird!

Or, si d'aventure on s'enquête
Qui m'a valu telle conquête,
C'est l'allure de mon cheval,
Un compliment sur sa mantille
Puis des bonbons à la vanille
Par un beau soir de carnaval.

Now, if by chance someone wonders
Who earned me this conquest,
It was the allure of my horse,
A compliment for her mantilla,
And some vanilla sweets
On a beautiful carnival evening.

The Contrast
Charles Morris

In London I never know what I'd be at,
Enraptured with this, and enchanted by that,
I'm wild with the sweets of variety's plan,
And life seems a blessing too happy for man.

But the country, Lord help me!, sets all matters right,
So calm and composing from morning to night;
Oh! it settles the spirit when nothing is seen
But an ass on a common, a goose on a green.

Your magpies and stock doves may flirt among trees,
And chatter their transports in groves, if they please:
But a house is much more to my taste than a tree,
And for groves, o! a good grove of chimneys for me.

In the country, if Cupid should find a man out,
The poor tortured victim mopes hopeless about,
But in London, thank Heaven! our peace is secure,

Where for one eye to kill, there's a thousand to cure.

I know love's a devil, too subtle to spy,
That shoots through the soul, from the beam of an eye;
But in London these devils so quick fly about,
That a new devil still drives an old devil out.

Як тебе не любити, Києве мій
Дмитро Луценко

Грає море зелене,
Тихий день догора.
Дорогими для мене
Стали схили Дніпра,
Де колишуться віти
Закоханих мрій...
Як тебе не любити,
Києве мій!

В очі дивляться кани,
Серце в них переллю.
Хай розкажуть коханій,
Як я вірно люблю.
Буду мріяти й жити
На крилах надій...
Як тебе не любити,
Києве мій!

Спить натомлене місто
Мирним, лагідним сном.
Ген вогні, як намисто,
Розцвіли над Дніпром.
Вечорів оксамити,
Мов щастя прибий...
Як тебе не любити,
Києве мій!

How can I not love you, My Kyiv
Translated by Sofia Bolonna

Plays the green sea,
The quiet day burns away.
Treasured for me
Became the banks of Dnipro,
Where the branches sway
Made of dreams of love...
How can I not love you,
My Kyiv!

The cannas look in my eyes,
I'll pour my heart into them.
Let them tell my beloved,
Of my loyal love.
I'll dream and live
On the wings of hope...
How can I not love you,
My Kyiv!

Sleeps the tired city
In a peaceful, delicate slumber.
There the lights, like jewels,
Bloomed around Dnipro.
Velvets of the night,
Like fortune's swash...
How can I not love you,
My Kyiv!